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HOLLY SPRINGS, March 5, 1859.

THE GREAT POLITICAL GAMBLERS LAST
MOVE. HENRY CLAY.—This man and John Q.

Adams, have at length reversed their courage to the sticking point, and abandoned their northern allies, the Abolitionists. After having thrown the firebrands which have set their countrymen of the North and South in a blaze of excitement, approaching the horrid ury of civil war, these broken-down political agita- tors now turn round and throw cold water on the flame, by themselves enkindled. Clay and Adams, the two great pillars of Abolition, have been rent from it by the force of public opinion, and now the miserable Tappan and Garrison will, it is to be hoped be left to carry on their devilish work without the aid of two of the most splendid but at the same time most heartless, sel- fish, vacillating and unpatriotic politicians of this age and country. Well! although we excrete and despise the Traitors to abolition, we love the Treason, and with the great CALHOUN, rejoice that "the spirit of Abolition is overthrown—that State rights have triumphed—that the Abolitionists are overcome!" The only men who gave strength to their unholy cause have come out from among them. Of the motive of Clay in this grand movement, every man who is acquainted with his manifold tergiversations to gain popularity must be aware. However much "the starlings" of Federalism may strive to turn it to account, they cannot succeed. They cannot blot out from the history of Mr. Clay, his early efforts to sow the seeds of abolition in Kentucky—they are recorded in letters that can never be erased, nor hidden by the flimsy veil of sophistry and misrepresentation which his deluded and idolatrous worshippers have fabricated to hide them from the people of the South. How disgusting, how inexpressibly loathsome, the efforts of his partisans to deceive the people must appear to every candid and intelligent mind that is impressed with the recollection of Mr. Clay's burning denunciations of Slavery, and his emphatic expressions of abhorrence for slavery elsewhere many a time and oft expressed in his speeches and in his private conversations—his hot and successful opposition to the great conservative resolutions of John C. Calhoun, only a few short months since. Who so dull of apprehension that cannot see at once, that this last summer's is the last desperate throw of the gamester to retrieve his fallen fortunes? Who so weak in intellect, so easily exalted as not to see that it is a grand cast to retrieve the great loss of popularity, his course on the subject of slavery has occasioned him? Who so illy-livered and gall-lacking, as not to scorn, despise, or pity those who hold the intelligence and shrewdness of the Southern people at so cheap a rate as to imagine they can humbug the Southern people into the support of a man who has been the greatest curse to the South that God Almighty in his deep wisdom has seen fit to visit upon this fair section. What! will these minis- ters to the unhallowed ambition of a thrice-defeated candidate for the Presidency, audaciously presume that they can make the South forget the causes for which it has thrice in a voice of thunder rebuked the Father of that accursed system which has acted like a fell milder upon southern prosperity. Miserable infatuation! but they will find the people of the South are made of sterner stuff. The pitiful opinion they entertain of the intelligence and wisdom of the people will be signally and indignantly rebuked at the ballot boxes. Other- wise God forbid that after such a self-inflicted degrad- ation as the election of Henry Clay to the Presidency would be upon the South a drop of other than negro blood should flow in the veins of any living thing South of Mason and Dixon's line. What! has it come to this, that the South has no choice, but between Martin Van Buren and Henry Clay; has she no worthy son whose political reputation is unblackened with the dark crime of abolition and the still blacker crime of treason, ac- tive treason, against her best interests and her domestic institutions? Is there not one of all her noble sons—her Calhouns, her Haynes, Tylers, McDuffies, and the rest; but she must confer the highest post of honor, on a cold-blooded enemy, a demagogue, a thrice defeated, times, serving intriguer and political trimmer; a scoundrel who shifts and veers as the wind of oc- casion suits. God forbid we will not entertain for a moment such an idea; it is a base libel on the South.

Real Necropolis.—The Arabian geogra-
phers tell of a town in Barca, the inhab-
itants of which all are petrefied.

EXECUTION OF LOPER.—The

murderer was hung on Friday, on a high
hill about a mile west from the Court
House. He met his fate with understanding
with great fortitude, and died like a brave
man—composed to the last. Just before

the to him fatal moment, he took a quid
of tobacco. We saw him, nearly, just
as he left prison, and then his counte-
nance was unruffled—betraying no sign
of agitation or apprehension. We hope
our County will not be again the scene
of a Public Execution. Such spectacles
are without any good tendency, and but
serve to indulge a hyena-like appetite of
curiosity that should be scouted at, as un-
christian-like and inhuman. In a sav-
age land, where dwells the cruel, barba-
rous and bloody brute barbarian, who
knows neither pity love nor moral sensi-
bility of any kind—among can bala, who
eye with horrid satisfaction the feast of
human blood with which they are to glut
their hellish appetites, such scenes are ap-
propriate—not in a Christian community.
The pure in soul cannot delight in wit-
nessing the death-pangs of a fellow-being,
however criminal—the will revolt at the
hideous and painful spectacle.

Our friend of the Banner expresses
surprise that there were men on the
ground dressed in female attire. We
don't think it surprising at all. Might
they not have been distant relations of old
Loper who wished to witness his exit, in-
cognito?

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

The sons of Erin will assemble at the
Thespian Hall, this evening, to make ar-
rangements to celebrate Saint Patrick's
Day in a manner worthy the memory and
virtues of the illustrious patron saint of
the Emerald Isle.

PHRENOLOGY.—By an advertise-
ment in another column our readers will
perceive that Dr. Crutchfield, Professor
of Phrenology has arrived in town, and
invites such of our citizens as wish to have
their bumps laid down in chart, to avail
themselves of the opportunity his visit af-
fords. We have had the pleasure of a
visit from Professor C. His appearance
struck us as that of a highly intellectual
and very intelligent gentleman, and we
doubt not he possesses a full knowledge
of the curious and important science of
ascertaining and developing the intellec-
tual powers and physical passions of men.
He has passed some time at the Hermit-
tage, and has testimonials of esteem from
the most illustrious and distinguished of
living men, to whom he was for some time
physician.

Prentiss, of the Louisville Journal, says that
a tune has lately been composed at the north,
called the "Sub-Treasurer's March."

It was, doubtless, composed expressly for
such Conservative Whigs as Watkins, Swart-
wout and Mallory, to amuse themselves when
they have retired from the public service, and
it is said by an ingenious arrangement of rams
and flats, to forcibly illustrate the beauties of
the Conservative Deposit Bank system, under
the operations of which and Biddle's Bank, all
the losses of Uncle Sam, are justly ATTRIBUTA-
BLE.

"If I had a bag of money," said one
boy to another, "I would bury it, so I
could not spend any till I was a man."
(Wood-bury it!) That seems to us to be
the last way to keep it safe.—[Banner.

Your remark is a shrewd one, if the
boy meant he would bury it in a Clay
Bank.—[Republican.

THE THESPIANS

Will perform this evening in the col-
ebrated Comedy of John Bull. After
which will be performed the laughable
Farce of All the World's a Stage.

From the District Telegraph.

The Holly Springs Republican, it seems
is now published semi-weekly. The pub-
lic spirit of this little town seems about
to carry it along in prosperity, despite of
the difficulties of the monetary system of
the country.

Well, be it so;—we delight to see such
a spirit in existence, even though it is re-
moved from us some hundred or so miles.
It is a very manifest that under such cir-
cumstances as those which now exist in
Jackson, some very sensible alteration
must take place for the worse. At Holly
Springs, notwithstanding their money
cannot be compared in value with ours
—it not being esteemed as valuable as
fodder—they are placing inducement in
the way of men of enterprise and indus-
try, which is likely to do very serious in-
jury to Jackson.

This should not beso;—we have a coun-
try and indeed all the constituents of pros-
perity; as well as those of social enjoy-
ment that any town in this region of coun-
try can ask for; but from a most wretch-
ed direction of duty, in doing those
things by which alone any community
ought to hope for success, we find our
town on the very verge of a decline which
if it be not on so magnificent a scale as the
Empire which formed the subject of Gib-
bon's History; yet to all intents and pur-
poses, we who have fixed our destiny with
Jackson, will feel deeply the devastation
which will afflict us. The District, in
point of population, is as large as the
whole State of Mississippi, and yet, one
little town on the very border is to rise
to a magnitude and importance that will
cast a shade on the central and most eligi-
ble town in the district! The curious
mid is led to enquire: why is this the case?
But we need proceed no further, after we
have found that with the other little towns
in the neighborhood a deeply rooted pre-
judice exists towards us; and which places
the town of Jackson in the position of
throwing herself upon the public spirit of
her own citizens. But even in this, she
has failed of her purpose: for scarcely can
we find at any point on our map, a place
possessing so many things which tend to
build up public prosperity, and yet so
neglected as here.

It really would seem, that when we
see our own citizens gradually leaving
us, and seeking some more propitious
place of location, that we should arise
from our apathy and remedy the evil
which so afflicts us, and which if left with-
out remedy, must depopulate this goodly
city. The paper published in town, if it
does not at all times exhibit the exact state
of prosperity at least to some extent indi-
cates the state of circumstances which ex-
ist in it. In looking at the Telegraph a
stranger would suppose there were no
such things as a Dry Goods Store, Groce-
ry, or a Mechanic's Shop in the town of
Jackson; and from aught we can judge of
concerning the matter, they reason as did
the man who owned a store in the neigh-
borhood of Baltimore, who when the Le-
gisature was about to incorporate the
own, raised his voice against it, saying—
"hat it would ruin his Store!" The Mer-
chants of Jackson will not advertise, be-
cause they sell out any how, and they
could but sell out their stock—say they
—or think they—if they were to adver-
tise—not for a moment supposing that a
general conviction spread far and wide
through the paper, that any quantity of
goods may be had at any & all times would
necessarily draw the attention of those
who look to such sources for information
in purchasing supplies.

This is speculation—but true no doubt
yet we will relate what has happened ac-
tually, and which is therefore true with-
out doubt. About the time of the expira-
tion of the last year a man wanted two
Negroes for the present year, and not
knowing where to find them, he enquired
about the country as well as he could; at

but he found two, and he made his bargain for \$800 each.
Others not knowing where to go, and per-
haps too busy to go far, were willing to
give \$100 for just such Negroes when
they were put upon the town of Jackson
to the highest bidder.

Now, it is evident that an unwilling-
ness to advertise in a news paper, which
assists to increase the amount of labor in
the town by bringing in foreign capital
actually caused the individual above re-
ferred to, to lose \$40. By saving \$10,
he lost \$40. Capital judgment that! Yet
it is only such judgment as is daily con-
signing our town to oblivion.—Whether
such shall be the case until all exertion
will prove unavailing, we leave to our
citizens, with the example of Holly Springs
before them, to determine.

From the Grenadian.

DANDIES.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.—To the young
men, I give this advice: Beware of flirtation
and pomposity; for they are obnoxious to
every person of common conception, and
should meet the disapprobation of socie-
ty, which I fancy they do. Now, of all
the creatures that infest civilized society,
I know of none more insufferable than a
smooth-faced, flippant young gentleman
—a dandy so called. They are ever flut-
tering about the fair sex, like so many busy
terflies over a bed of flowers—chatting
like so many parrots, and playing off airs
more fantastical than monkeys; and yet
they expect by such means to render them-
selves attractive. Now, young men, if
you want to be an honor to your friends
and an ornament to your country, be the
reverse of what I have described. Be
not that you will be eclipsed by one
whose conduct is such as I have alluded
to; though they may shine with brilliancy
for awhile, yet, like the dews of heaven,
that fade and disappear before the noon-
day's sun, their empty pomposity, when
it undergoes the scrutiny of the intelligent
portion of community, will be properly
estimated; and will find its level in the
nothingness from which it sprang.

I would not have it inferred, from what
I have said that I have an aversion to
the ladies. Such a supposition would do
me much injustice. Their presence is all
that can render life tolerable. With wo-
man, all is life, light and animation; with-
out her; all is dark, gloomy and sad.

STRANGER.

"I'm off!"—As the fly said that lit on
the mustard pot.

The story is this: A fly, in pursuit of
sweets, honey or sugar, descended upon
an open pot of mustard, mistaking it,
probably, for St. Croix. What a disap-
pointment!—The one so delicious—the
other so odious, so suffocating. Two In-
dian Chiefs were once at table. One of
them seeing other guests taking mustard
with their roast beef, helped himself to a
spoonful and swallowed the whole at a
dose. Too stoical to complain, he pre-
served imperturbable serenity of mind,
involuntary tears only making his inter-
nal agony. "Why you weep?"—"inquir-
ed the brother Chief."—"Thinking of my
father's death," was the reply. Presently
the other, who had seen his fellow taste
the mustard, helped himself, and swallow-
ed the fiery portion. Tears streamed a
pace. "And why those sighs of sorrow?"
inquired the first. "I sorrowing," replied
the other, "that you had not been lured
with your father." The fact is—that is
the fly, as to the Indian, the mustard was
a complete take-in.

Optical illusions are more common in
Iceland than any other part of the world.
The sun and the moon assume various
fantastic shapes and are frequently seen
double. The Aurora Borealis or northern
lights show a variety of beautiful and
ever changing colours, and the mirage is
every where to be seen. It is a land of
beautiful illusion.

NEW YORK NEW BANKING LAW.—
Eighteen new Banks have been establi-
shed under the late Banking Law of New
York; capital of which is \$9,200,000, and
the proposed increase of capital \$199,900,
000.